

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

November/December 2021

Zari
Blue
Guyote
Rakshowes
Rust
Mesmeriser

Image by Nambroth

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read rez Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **How Cruel?** Would an issue of rez be complete without a poem by RoseDrop Rust? In a word, no.

About the Cover: As tradition would have it, we're combining our November and December issues into a single "holiday" issue. And behold the resplendent turkey, hoping the pandemic will depress the market for turkeys this year.





DERENDER ME (PART TWO)



by Art Blue

Part 1 of Derender Me put you in a time where the dealing with The True Me has moved to a new level. Identification and tracking will be the function of digital money. There will be no longer printed money. The moves toward blockchaining you are tiny, but already noticeable. Today I wanted to buy a train ticket at the Central Station and was asked, "Can you pay by card?" Be strong, be a sting in the system, say, "I have cash." Don't say, "Sadly no." Then you are assigned to the counter where the poor, the desperate, the underdogs are waiting. Take it, suffer for Art. Get a printed ticket, don't take the PDF or the "on screen option." In some years you can say, "I have forgotten where I was. I think I was ... not there, I was with Art." The data protection acts enforces some deletion over time, but a blockchain has a different nature. You boost in virtual, you play a role, you play many roles but all this flexibility and enrichments you go for are null and void if you are put on a blockchain. Free will is an illusion to overcome. Right now we have not reached this level. We are still the happy ones, the ones that knock on the screen, the ones who believe in reality. Let me show you the Alternate Now. Fasten seat belts and turn your viewer on. Enter ... and Derender Me.

Bella Stella

Imagine the sound of Bella Stella being played in loop when you stand in front of the Blue screen.

https://youtu.be/LDCBQMjo_Gw (4 mins) Imagine you understand the language of this world:

*Bella Stella m'innamoro della notte
Con la sua magia... dentro di me
Sto pensando a te
Ti dimentico, Vertigo... non lo so
Non ritornerò più da te*

You say that's Italian. Don't break the magic. Say instead that this is the language of the world where you want to live and die.

You can't? You are US American and you need more reality? A reality you can feel. I have it for you.

<https://youtu.be/b-IXtlNa1e4> (4 mins)

I welcome you after you have thrown the dice. You take the dice in hand, your heartbeat rises. What number will it be? Depending on the play, the outcome gets a different meaning. It can be about life and death, it can be about the colour of your armband to match you to a group. The Dice can offer a binary choice, "Let's go right or left?" In Bella Stella, the Dice is a distortion because the values are pre-coded for you. The dice is part of a blockchain algorithm you shall not

know; it's a complex thing of math. It has controlled randomness; it's called a safe cypher. You will get the story, the ultimate story, the story of your life. You will live in the now. That you die in this world means you will log out after the story has found its closing, after you derender me. You will leave the now and go into the after now. Is this the alternate now that your mother told you about? "Live in the now. Don't spend all your time in this world." And she pointed to the screen, shaking her head, saying, "All I see is Blue."

You said, "It takes a moment then I am in the next bluescreen. Bella Stella will bring me in." Your mother did not understand you. How should she understand the language that is created just in the moment when you rez?

The Coin Factor

Let us jump a bit forward in time and let's focus for a moment on money. Life costs money, right? We are now in a world that has become fully digital. Digital money is all that exists. No paper money any longer. Gold, Silver, Copper, which I mentioned as the currency in zCS, the zero Combat System in Second Life, are transferred into uniper coins. In other words: Gold, Silver, Copper is a display name and it's easy to deal this way with sheer unlimited currencies. Of how many

currencies am I speaking? Right, if I would tell, you would not believe. In 2021, deadcoin.com, now managed by 99bitcoins, reported 1,676 dead coins.

“Dead coin is a term given to a cryptocurrency that has ceased to exist. A coin can become “dead” due to a variety of reasons such as its development being halted, having no one that uses or trades it, being exposed as a scam and more.”

<https://99bitcoins.com/deadcoins/> You remember, I said it, uniper coin takes its name from Universal Performance. Now, we turn the timer a bit more forward. You pay for your gas and water, your hamburger, your parking tickets, your endless needs, with UNIP-coins. You wonder about UNIP-coins in short UPs? Have I not spoken until now of uniper-coins? Is it a typo? It’s not. Uniper-coins carry old technology, the verification of a transaction runs via proof-of-work, also known as the bitcoin model, but that will be then outdated. It takes just too much time and consumes too much power. Saturday for Future put it down. They calculated that each transaction burns two upgrowing trees, two baby trees. “No more babies burning!” This slogan was roaring in the servers. As a consequence, uniper-coins have been taken down by activists, by green hackers. I said, let us jump a bit forward. Can such an implosion in the future happen, a break

down, a leading currency gone? A second Lehman-Brothers? Easy to take when you are a historian. Mt. Gox filed in 2014 for bankruptcy. I know that is way long ago, but read what is in the files of history.

“Mt. Gox was a bitcoin exchange



Table legend ▾

Search

Name	Ticker
OXbitcoincash	0XBCH
1coin	ONE
1Credit	1CR
2Chcoin	2CH

based in Shibuya, Tokyo, Japan. Launched in July 2010, by 2013 and into 2014 it was handling over 70% of all bitcoin transactions worldwide, as the largest bitcoin intermediary and the world's leading bitcoin exchange. ... Mt. Gox announced that approximately 850,000 bitcoins belonging to

customers and the company were missing and likely stolen, an amount valued at more than \$450 million at the time.” [Wikipedia]

UNIP-coins instead are true power coins, they run on delegated proof-of-stake and have low energy

futures, bulls, and bears. Check the bears.

You did not find any hits for UNIP-coins? Instead, you found a coin mined in 1970 in Switzerland, called UNIP, a very rare piece of Rappen, a collector’s item? 100 Rappen made at this time one Franken, like 100 cents make one dollar. The international name for Rappen is centimes. Switzerland is the future of mining, not China, not Canada. It’s allowed to mine digital currency, to use and to trade and it’s not regulated in Switzerland.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rappen>

Buy Bitcoin ▾Get a Wallet ▾Trade Crypto ▾Earn Crypto ▾

Death Indicators
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Inactive DevelopmentInactive TwitterLow VolumeNot indexedNot Listed on exchangesWebsite Down
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consumption. Everything happens so fast that nearly everyone is messing things up when it comes to digital money. Ever heard of ICO - Initial Coin Offerings? Hopefully not, most are a money burner. But to google always makes sense to verify links that point to the future. There are traders of

Centimes sounds like it comes from the old Roman Empire. A centurion is the commander of a troop of about 80 soldiers. Let’s say 100, as you know to impress the enemy is part of the deal. Merriam-Webster says centimes comes from the Latin word centum, same root as centurion. Maybe you remember what I said about Latin when it comes to gender balanced speech? Yeah, a lot more screens to come and to break when you have to deal with anger after investing in the wrong chain. You need a centurion on your side. You need Art. You need Michael Fassbender in his most famous role, David 8. He is the modern version of a centurion, he is a machine intelligence on board of the Prometheus in human form. But he is also the centurion in Centurion, he is Steve Jobs, he is a character I can put

you in. <https://youtu.be/WQ0juqfGb2k>
(5 mins)

This brings me back. A character. Select one and I bring you in. We are in a digital world, right? We are far in the future and for a moment, we leave the question of money behind. Now you brought your mother in, right? You have been sitting in front of a screen. The world opens. You are in. Your mother is in.

In

Now the ultimate invention happens. You never have to log out. You are called by the screen and you stay in this world until you die. This is called falsely digital immortality. It needs a strong belief that it goes beyond, that it is true immortality. Immortality is indistinguishable from knowledge if you believe in the screen. Knowledge and Belief match one deity. The good thing of my construct is that immortality happens even if you don't believe. Just get your shot and your bits will be lined up. If you would ask the owl, any owl does it, then the owl would say that this world is a blockchain where all your doings are stored in a linklist. The owl will say that there is no magic in a blockchain - it's all just code. There is a public key and there is a private key. There is no room for a change. My invention makes this fact obsolete. I added the

dice. You say, "But the next bluescreen is unpredictable. Live goes on." Your mother will laugh and shake her head about all such thoughts, "I have free will in this world, which you don't have. It's just a screen." That she is not willing to understand makes you feel



sad. You say to her, "Join me and you will see."

Now both of you are standing in front of the screen and you both throw the dice. You are In. You know the dice are fake, as I said it, but the other you does not know. Bella Stella plays for

you. For your mother, a different sound is played. You see tears in her eyes. You ask, "What happened to you?" Your mother says, "Nothing. I hear the song I have long forgotten. It was when I met your father."



Now you understand the story your father left for you. You found him reborn in this world and there he told you that he met a young woman when he was a warrior and he tried to decipher her mystic ways of speech. You look at your mother and she is dressed like a princess in ancient times.

A carriage approaches on a beam of golden light. Two horses are carrying it and a man with shiny armour tightens the reins so the horses stop. "I bring you to Mount Olympos," he says.

Your mother beams as she steps to the man. The world of Troy is loaded. Your mother told you that she loved the story. Ilium and Olympos, the two epic poems by Homer became the foundation of ancient Greek literature. Homer is regarded as one of the greatest and most influential writers of all time. Your mother will meet Hockenberry, the resurrected twentieth-century Homeric scholar, who every admirer of Dan Simmons knows. You have other plans. You press the medallion and you are there. In the spaceship Bella Stella. You start the screen. The screen that controls the bluescreen. "What's up?" you ask the owl. It is not Neruval. The name of the owl is Vertigo. "Maximum volume," you say. You need to clean your brain. There is a new mission ahead. You copy behavioural patterns you find in files of history. You go for David 8. Michael Fassbender is in the files. You say, "Make me him." Then your mother pats your shoulders, "Time for dinner." You log out. You are in the alternate now.

Wrong Blue

It is all Blue. You are in the Wrong.

Wrong Blue? Does it exist? It does. The logout was a fake. That your mother patted your shoulders and called you for dinner was a programmed illusion. This way to die is the way of the future. It is a transition. Don't Worry, Be Happy. It is you becoming David 8. That's why I need to put all the stuff in you. The nanobots, remember? OMC, remember? The first proposition is that you will forget after logging out what happened during the first login. Now you look like him, but you are not like him - - you are David 8. You will make the journey on board the Prometheus. In *The Gods of Informatics*, there is a guy who wears a winter coat in the summer and wears a Sennheiser supra-aural earphone all day long, listening to classical music with the volume up so loud that he is given a separate room. He was a super coder and the saying was, "Never touch a super coder. He is in a state a normal coder does not reach." He coded 100 times faster than the average programmer and never ever was a coding error found. Can you believe? No, but you can listen to the sort of music he was listening to.

<https://youtu.be/WEDsf-x2nxE> (4 mins)

I would like to be such a coder, but I am just a freak, as all the others around. But I can make you into David 8. In fact, the nanobots and the dice are

doing it. That happens all on server level. Elastic pea brain, fully automated. I heard the name comes from the first automated cloud computing cluster, Amazon's Elastic beanstalk. Blue Origin also comes from this, a fully automated space



flight for users. After my flight into the zero-code screen, my brain is empty. I need a clear mind for my mission log. A last distortion that brings you on track. You know that this is all about Art. <https://youtu.be/jZMPjX3ExbE> (1 min)

*My mind is unsettled.
My body is not mine,
not mine this spectacle ...
no no,
not mine this fragile vine.*

I begin to dig in chat logs, IMs,



distances, animations used, looking targets, coin usage, partner and un-partner status, shopping preferences, and all such big data stuff. Everything is stored on a blockchain. This world is not different than the alternate now. It's alternate, you know. Nothing can be lost as long as I don't enter the

chain to Giotto, in other words as long as all code is in UPs. UPs stand not only for Blockchain money, they stand for all the timestamps. Some would explain it as the ledger of the Internet of Things. Soon you see why it also stands for the code of life.

Derender Life

I am the admin of Wrong Blue. I am in the Blue Room. There are other rooms somewhere. We are not told where the other rooms are, but they must be somewhere, because Blue is not the only colour in this world, but let me stick to Blue, the section I am in.

Giotto is the name of the quantum computer of Santa Alleanza, that stands in the middle of the Blue Room. A beam of Blue light reaches up to the sky where the asteroid belts are, where the power comes from. Thirteen admins are sitting around in a perfect circle, but only twelve are visual. Each one takes care of a different key design of the world. Once, I would have loved to work in the Graviton section, but I was assigned to Damnatio memoriae. I correct history. This chair is different than all others. No one knows it, no one sees it. I replaced the last chair owner. No one knows it, I said it. It's a lie because you know it now, but your knowledge will be eaten when you transcend. They count twelve chairs. They say that twelve admins are sitting

around in a perfect circle around Giotto. My section is not called Wrong Blue, but for you I called it this way. What is wrong with life I correct. If one of the Ident-Units becomes too smart and says that the world is virtual and there is no a biological life, says that when death happens it is just a swap to a different server, then this unit comes on my watch list. This watch list I publish to the twelve, make it look like they found out, they shall have their chance. If a unit does not believe in God and brings up elements threatening the foundation of elastic computing, then this Ident-Unit comes on the second watch list, marked "annihilation pending." The Golden Nugget section does its very best to bring the Ident-Unit back on track, injects this and that, but does not destroy Free Will. If Free Will would be taken off from the code, every Ident-Unit would be at the end an ALT, a dummy. Zeus does not like to play with dummies. He likes to have fun. I like to have fun. I care for my fun providers. Nevertheless, they need to be streamlined.

The Golden Nugget unit and the Free Will unit are in a constant fight, even though they call themselves brothers. The roots reach long back. The Jesuits control randomness and have therefore the seat for the Free Will, and the Order of Friars Minor care for the Golden Nugget. But if an Ident-Unit

finds followers beyond the threshold and the ideas become a threat so a riot may rise or the unit speaks like a messiah, then I throw it into the Tartarus. A log out brings the unit beyond Blue, that's an easy fix, but then the hard work follows. Giotto has



to make all the elements in the UPs undone. Rolling back all traces in the blockchain. All transactions of this identity, not only the ones done in coins, have to be null and void. Only a quantum computer can do this. As a result, this Ident-Unit has never existed. Mission complete. That an

admin can't speak directly with the quantum shall be evident, but the Father made it look like it works. So many stories in *rez Magazine* deal with speed. I trust you that you have read a few of them.



Giotto speaks with my owl. I tell Vertigo what the mission is and the owl masks it so it can be queued for Giotto. Giotto will then change the blockchain so history goes the way it was meant to be by the 51% rule. This makes the alternate world belief that all is running smoothly. No one ever

could say differently. That is the definition of trust in a blockchain. Hard to get if you never heard of methods of trust in a situation where you can't be sure that anyone is trustworthy. How can trust be installed when you are surrounded by machines you can't trust? Trust is made by math, not by trust. Speed and power consumption is a key element in this. The first cluster reaching 51% conformity holds the truth. The chain is written, the chain is verified. Giotto is always faster, no matter what cluster it runs in the alternate world, how much coal and gas it puts in.

That's an interesting thing and worth a short note. The first ideas of trust have been based on the assumption that if one needs to put more computing power in than the transaction has on value, then no hack of a blockchain would happen. Sounds logical, right? If you need 51 Dollars to hack a transaction of 50 Dollars, you lose money in each hack. And if you use complex math to ensure that without having the private key in hand that a hack will take 1,000 years on a supercomputer, then you are safe, right? Wrong, full wrong. With a quantum computer, you need only an hour and you have it. I don't mind if more resources go in a *Damnatio memoriae* than the value of the Ident-Unit has with all its sidelinks and crossreferences. Today, the mission

protocol says to correct the first blockchain of avatars created in Second Life. I shall take out Gachabuddy, and make him unknown by doing so. It is stated Gacha is a threat and against the TOS of this world and that Gachabuddy found a work around. What I do is that I load the right pattern. In simple words I give Giotto the unique key that identifies the unit and the private UPs key I got from my digging. For Gachabuddy Resident, it is 91d4892f-4d39-46d4-9616-1bfc1096f4b1, and then I oversee the doing.

Overseeing is not really the correct word. I ensure that the stream of visions that has to roll back does not break. A word from *The Sand Bible* might be of help. Things need to be done "so your world runs stable, like a steady flow of bitcoins in a clear river running down from Crater Lake in Oregon."

Now you know me. I derender myself to you. Here I am: 37a191a7-bf04-

476c-aa45-a63842f20f90. I have overcome the Next Bluescreen, also known as the Cant. That is the True Me. What passage I overcame you find in *The End: The Next Bluescreen*, published in *rez Magazine*, October 2014: "It all happens at once. The Blue Room does it. I understand the message of the Vellum as I see myself dying. The message "Avatar deletion



in progress," appears and a white body falls down on the blue screen being smashed into shards of a broken mirror's glass, and I hear the words as an echo of the past. Once born as bitlice in a nanotech exoskeleton from the devil Eresch and the angel Metatron, keeper of the Cant who emanates in the

world in singing spheres, in melodies by the ones who develop the Cant, the code of the art of life, once called Unkin."

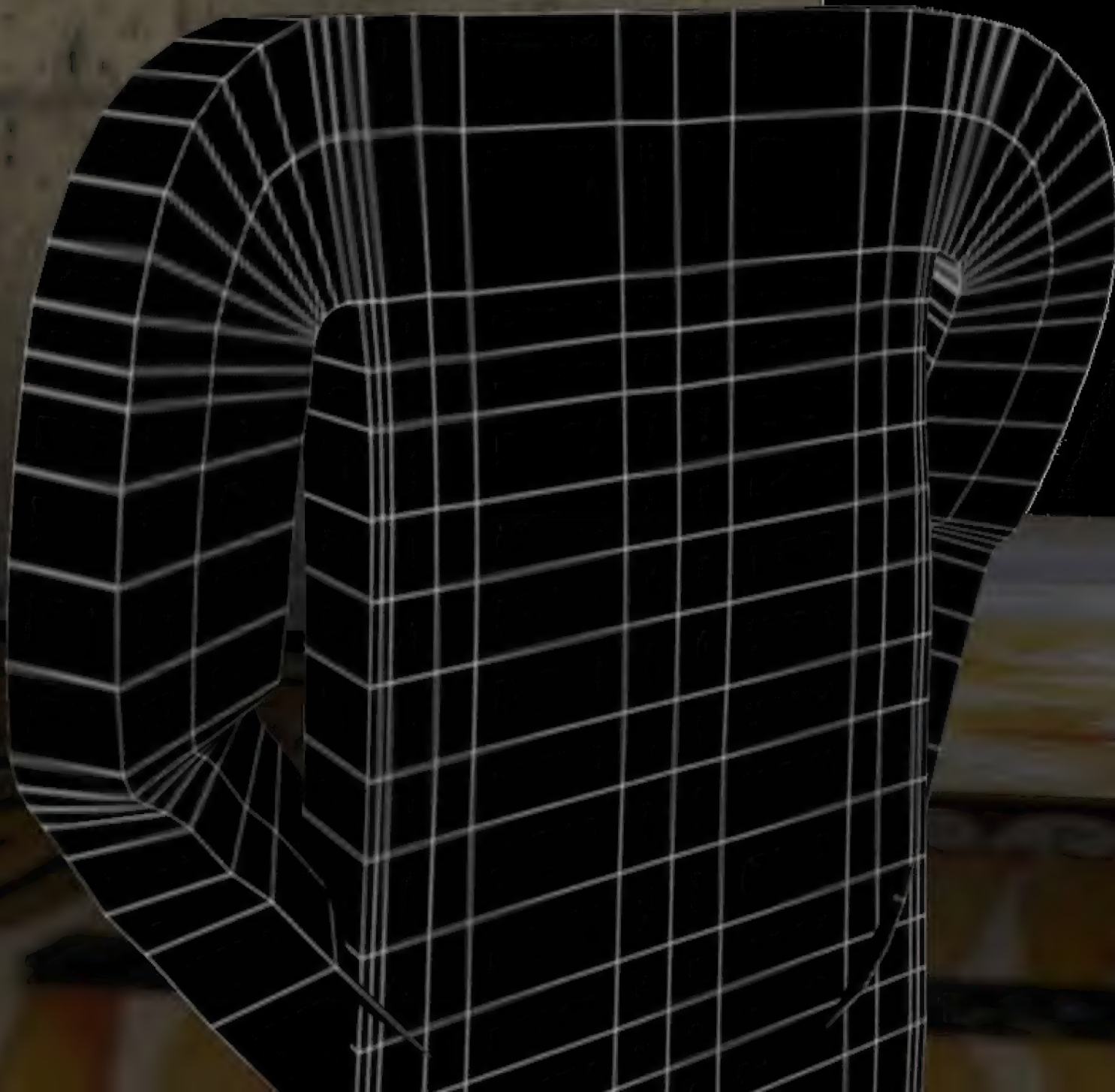
. r — e — z .

RECOMENDED BY
ART BLUE



KLARA AND THE SUN
BY KAZUO ISHIGURO

" I WILL CREATE FOR
YOU AN ARTIFICIAL
FRIEND AND THIS
WILL BE YOU. I WILL
BE THE SUN AND I
WILL NUTURE YOU. "





OSHAREH

sl:90k9232,nonfugitive.art
by:bookmark15757.com





Noman
by Art Blue

Do you know when Odysseus came from Mount Olympus back to earth how he called himself? You might not, as that is something that will happen in the future. You would need to know the story of Hockenberry, a scholar of Homer who was captured by the Gods and brought into a far future to report about the consistency of history. He had to tell the Gods if the simulation that was done in their world by recoding the inhabitants runs the same way as history tells. You could say he was one who had to seek inconsistency in the blockchain of the Gods. Are they not sure of their own doings? Do immortals not know the future they control?

Olympus and Ilium is a stunning story that Dan Simmons created. Thomas Hockenberry became the protagonist who does not know much about coding, so the reader has to decipher the reality behind the story.

I spoke with Hockenberry and the loose ends finally give a picture.

When the blockchain was broken, a restart of the world happened and Odysseus was pushed back in time to earth, an earth that points backward to him but forward to us. Hockenberry says when Odysseus comes in the year 3,200 AD, he calls himself Odysseus, son of Laertes, but after understanding

the place where he was sent, he called himself Noman. Does this mean he saw himself as no man, as being not human?

Let us keep open for a moment if Odysseus is human or a machine, or what gender runs inside when the backlink and the forward link in the chain are gone and he stands alone unchained in a world of chained Identities.

I will call Noname in my story TSNKO, The Still Not Known One, because I have the domain, I have the IP rights, I have the Universally Unique Identifier, a key of 128 bit that waits to be filled with content. In my next performance, I will add Noname to the first blockchain of avatars that was generated at the Grand Opening of TEMPUS EDAX RERUM on September 29, 2019 at 12:30 PM PDT.

I don't say that this will be Odysseus, I don't say that this will be Noname, I don't say this will be you, I don't say this will be Roberta Breitmore. I say that this key to claim stays open. Never heard of Roberta Breitmore? Her key is ad438183-9dc4-4263-911e-ab2daaedb99b. I spoke with her on October 26, 2021. That's supposedly 43 years after her last words have been heard. "The performance ended in 1978 at the Palazzo dei Diamanti in Ferrara, Italy in an exorcism ritual held

in the crypt of Lucrezia Borgia, during which Breitmore was transformed through the elements of fire, water, air, and earth.“ Roberta emanated as Lynn Hershman Leeson claiming all rights are on her. The exorcism ritual must have been a faked one or is it owed to the circumstance that religious beliefs are fading? I might never know. I called Robert Breitmore back from his Genesis. What would happen if I created him and sent Roberta an IM? We will never know. I would have given Roberta his key, a fair move so she could chain him next to her, create a chained ID, connect him in a blockchain with TSNKO. If I ever sell the blockchain of avatars, give you the sequence of the 12 words that you know from the use of bitcoins, then you are able to be Noman. You can be Odysseus. I am sure you got from the stories you read in *rez Magazine* by now that a blockchain is really a footprint in history, a track written in stone. You have to delete the stone, you can't change the engraving. A blockchain is stronger than a DNA string. For cutting a DNA sequence exists crispr. For a blockchain, there isn't such a tool. A blockchain can't be undone, at least not without Giotto, a machine that is faster than all machines your competitors have. The blockchain will point to you, will embed your existence. You will be part of the first blockchain of avatars, you will be a block in a piece of art. You will be Art.

You feel there must be some nonsense in it? Why shall a chain of avatars be seen in the future as art? Blake Gopnik says: “From Rembrandt through to Warhol and Sherman, lots of artists have played with personas... Hershman Leeson's genius was to realize that true banality might be more compelling.” Blake must know. He was for over ten years chief art critic of *The Washington Post*.

I hear that my stories are often too complex, that I need to reduce complexity like a psychiatrist has to do when the client speaks in riddles or makes up stories to avoid being found guilty in the eyes of the law.

“When I was a child, I scratched the Moon when he abducted me. The beam of light that the Moon sent through the keyhole of my door created an addiction that I could never leave behind. When I was young, I was forced by the Moon to slice the Mooncalf. I was not me. When I hacked Noname so Noname did things against the TOS and was blocked from login, it was the Moon that forced me.”

The reduction the psychiatrist does is known. It leads to a code. It might be 6C51. But that is not a solution, right? It is a diagnosis, coded in ICD-11 as Internet addiction. Will you find this code in the files? You will not because the discussion of Computer Gaming

Disorder is ongoing. The cost of the therapy of a patient diagnosed with 6C51 will not be covered by the health insurance, so the psychiatrist will actually code F63.9 – Lack of impulse control. This makes it difficult to understand the reality behind a code. There is no impulse that needs to be controlled. In the field of diagnosing the human brain, it takes many years to come to a final definition that will be at the end published by the WHO as known diseases so doctors can reduce complexity and start treatment. But what to do when the speed is beyond human capacity, when AI systems offer us ways to code more effectively as ever anyone was thinking of? A call for a new way to make diagnoses in a digital world has to be made and set on the agenda. Climate change was yesterday, there is no way to escape. Don't let this happen with lives on a blockchain. Some chains will turn gaga. How to get rid of them? You know Art will never let you stay in the rain and send you with a headache to bed. There will be Giotto, a computer who will create a perfect circle for the stable mind. In Art we trust.

You see, it is not so difficult to understand my stories. Nevertheless, if you think them through and you find glitches, take an Eraserhead. The receipt you shall find by now pinned on your fridge.

Seriously Art

There is only one way to get an understanding of the future. It is to get used to things. You may experience it when kids show their parents how to use their mobile saying, "Oh mom, Oh dad, you are stupid. It's so easy." Words coming so spontaneous that you can't blame the kids.



At the Grand Opening of TEMPUS EDAX RERUM, something happened beyond the eruption of the volcano that describes Hockenberry in words of an

historian. His words link to the fading power of the Gods. Mount Olympus is falling and the Aegis is colliding. The novel Olympus and Ilium has many links to codes, and as soon as you think it gets boring then another turn happens and past, future and present gets connected in a way you did not predict. Later when my show had ended and I collected the remains, I



surprisingly heard my show was great, because it did not work as planned, that the human factor was messing with the code, that the audience fell

through the glass floor in a beam of light, in an eruption of epic dimensions. They all stood next to Giotto and saw the machine watering the trees to compensate the energy consumption that was caused for the creation of the blockchain of avatars. Each of the 26 identities, most of them contributors to Amerika Art, had planted a tree so say “sorry” for exploiting the earth by using bitcoins and altcoins and Giotto calculated the individual climate effects on each, you may call it avatar complexity, so the dose of water differed. All attendants got sucked in water by the heavy rain and many ruined their clothes. So why did they say that it was great by experiencing a failure?

In Olympus and Ilium, we can witness a talk between Hockenberry and Odysseus about the question “What makes a man to a man?” Hockenberry had some glasses of wine and he does not take alcohol very well, so it might not be very surprisingly that the insights are not groundbreaking. But there are two AIs listening and one says that this question takes a lot of their processor time as they want to become closer to the ones that created them, they want to follow the nature what makes one human. Then one says it might be the “pers ...” and it looks like this AI got help from the other one to get the word complete, so together they managed to say “personality.”



That the AI could not spell the word personality properly is stunning, isn't it? For Odysseus, it was no question at all what makes a man to man. For a warrior, the answer runs in his veins, but for a German coder what happened was a GAU. GAU stands for "Größter Anzunehmender Unfall", a term that was created when the safety of nuclear

power plants was questioned in the late 60s. The translation goes by Maximum Credible Accident (MCA). Nowadays, there are seven levels outlined in the International Nuclear and Radiological Event Scale (INES). The worst-case scenario is INES-7. When the glass plate broke and the visitors fell through, being exposed to the quantum field of Giotto, the incident might be classified as an INES-3, as no death was reported.

We see what for a coder is an MCA is for others, for the non-coders, fun. Why is it so? Because they think they are not digital, that they can log in and log out as they please, they see their biological life is a backup. This illusion was taken from them in *Derender Me*, that was published in the last issue of *rez Magazine* and now finds its closing in the second part. It is a hard to read article, full of knowledge that the human brain is not made ready right now. It is recommended to read it every year to see the progress in

understanding. Finally, you will be used to the terms and the wording and the layers like you are used to using the internet. Not everything will fit in; some elements of truth have a timer on their own, you know, like the “three-finger-salute” CTRL+ALT+Delete. When you perform the salute, different things happen. It depends on the version of the operating system. In Windows 3.0 it was for rebooting, in Windows 10 the Task Manager is being called, in Ubuntu a forced logout is initiated. Originally, it was a hidden function coders used for debugging. On an Apple Mac, it was once an Easter egg saying, “This is not DOS.”

What message carries *Derender Me*?

On one hand, it shows that our lives will be stored, each digital footprint will be on a blockchain, but the story shows also that there will be no other footprints beyond the digital ones. The blockchain technology comes with digital money. The smartphone provides social geolocation. You will be seen as a trace of money and footprints. To ensure this, you might no longer be able to say, “I was invited by a friend.” There will be a procedure set in place that came first

as a proclamation of independence, “I pay for my meal by myself.” This saying was created by a doctor’s initiative that pharmaceutical companies shall not sponsor anything close to a doctor’s doing. It goes internationally as the “No free lunch” movement. That this word is also a mathematical theorem saying that our world does not depend on facts only shall give us some second thoughts. So’ what if you like to invite a friend? It works via shared pay. You say, “That’s all on me today.” Everyone has to swipe their cards when they enter the restaurant. Don’t stick to the term card. It can be an app, a QC-Code, a blink with an eyelid, anything works for a “Pay and Share” – in other words the system reimburses your friends when checking out. No one, no insurance company will tell you later that you had too much to drink when

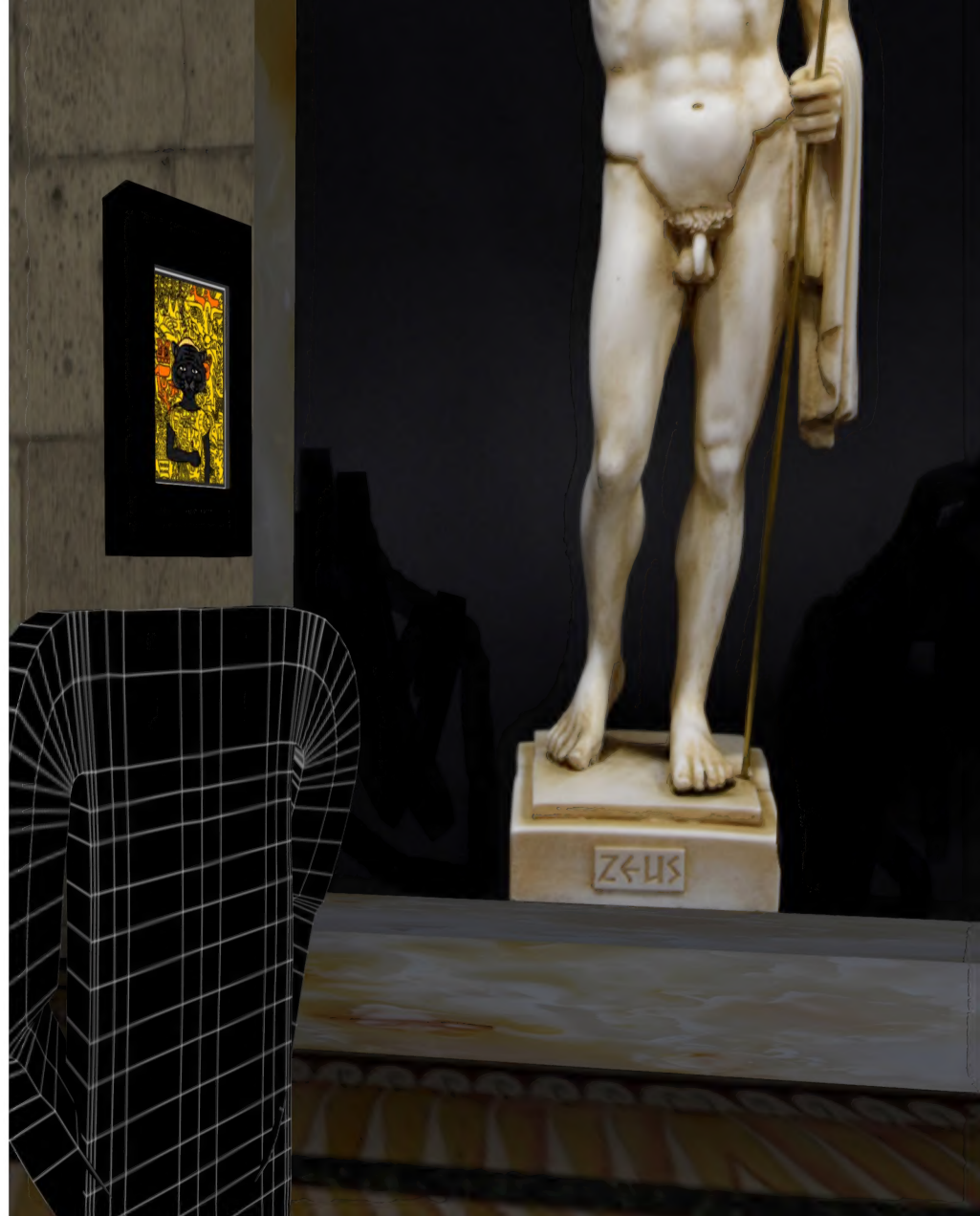


all the party hard stuff is listed on your bill. The health-score report will stick to the ones belonging. There will be no such things as a free lunch that is not logged. That's the future.

At the beginning of this move, big data algorithms will sort things out. Some rebels might hold the flag up, some restaurant owners will still accept cash, but some early adaptors will monitor what happens around; they are digital spies with a friendly face, some might not even know that they are. Fact is, no data will be lost.

In *Derender Me*, I create a Genesis block, as I like to play with the idea that everyone can become the first and only Zeus, can create a One-Man-Church, a concept of an inner belief that differs from the view of many and becomes real in a virtual life -- a recurring idea that I use in different ways in some of my stories. In one of them you marry yourself, but for others it looks like you are a dream couple they strive to copy. That is an element of freedom of an author you may take or leave. A blockchain world based on bitcoins and altcoins may take this freedom from you.

I am writing these lines at a nice cafe sitting under an old tree and I bought a double espresso, paid with cash, so this espresso will not be on my future blockchain, but in some years, cash



money will be gone and then you can verify if I really was there on October 27, 2029 at 11:59 local time. But what if I paid and the waitress comes when I am about to leave and she says, “Art, you have not paid for your espresso?”

Shall I then go into teaching mode and state that the blockchain was hacked with a computer that runs faster than others, that a new truth was born, one where the fact that I paid was taken out? Better not. I shall say, “Did you not said last time that my next espresso would be on you?”

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“WHEREOF ONE CANNOT THINK,
THEREOF ONE MUST BE BLANK.
AND THERE SHALL BE WHITE.”
THE BLANK THEOREM.
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